

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 245. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1848.

PRICE 1½d.

THE STRUGGLES OF PRINCIPLE.

WE have to picture in the mind one of those long and straight roads in Germany, so long and straight, as almost to seem interminable, lined as usual with apple and walnut-trees, and which, unrelieved by any moving object, basks in saddening silence under a burning sun. While gazing on the scene, a living creature at length appears: at first a speck on the horizon, it increases as it approaches, and we perceive it is a man, dressed in the blouse of the country, and who, from the long hammer which he carries in his arm, is seen to be a cantonnier, or road-mender of the district. Let us follow his motions, and trace his humble history; for it is the history of a struggle with principle—a conflict of the heart—and may afford us some material for reflection.

Stephen, as our hero is called, has been on his way to his daily labour, and now reaches a large heap of stones. He involuntarily lifts his cap, as a kind of salutation to his daily work. He now ties on his wooden shoe, and sets hard to work, for out of the stones comes his bread, scanty though it be.

For two good hours Stephen has worked thus, seldom allowing himself a moment's rest to take breath. Now he stops; lays the pad upon the heap of stones; fills himself a pipe, as a reward for his toil; pulls on a wadded glove, and sitting down, falls to hammering away at the stones. As it strikes eleven, a barefooted boy comes up from the village with a jug well wrapt in a coarse cloth; he brings a large hunch of bread and a jug of warm soup to his father, who eats it with a right good appetite, and works on again until nightfall; then he shoulders his hammer, takes up his pad and his wooden shoe, and goes his way home.

Stephen lives in a small cottage just off the high road; his little girl, of three years old, is standing behind the casement, and exclaims, 'Here comes father!' And with a shout she runs to meet him.

Leading his child by the hand, Stephen enters the kitchen, and with a silent nod to his wife, who is busy on the hearth, he goes into the sitting-room, takes his little girl up in his arms, and casts a look at the cradle, where a little boy lies stuffing a corner of the blanket into his mouth, and kicking out his feet at his father. Then Stephen goes into the little room beyond, and asks, 'How are you, granny?'

A voice answers, in a whining tone, 'Ah, deary, the children are all so wild and noisy, and Peter has run off with my beans. I'll tell his master when I get about again, and can go to school!'—granny, be it known, having become childish in her old age, and acquired an impression that she was once more a girl at school. Her sole amusement consisted in tossing up beans, and catching them on the backs of her fingers, as school-girls are in the habit of doing when at play,

and of repeating hymns out of a hymn-book, that she might receive the approbation of her imaginary teacher.

'I have brought you some more beans, my good mother,' said Stephen in reply to granny's observation. 'Ay, ay, fine long brown beans, and some round white ones too—eh?'

'Both,' said Stephen; and he went back into the kitchen.

Why did not Stephen remain to talk with poor granny? He was hungry, and out of humour. Disinclined for conversation, he seated himself behind the table, under a large framed picture, to which a big seal was affixed, and sat waiting till the candle and supper came.

The supper was so long in coming, that Stephen rose and fetched himself a candle; and now we can see what the large framed picture is all about. It is nothing more nor less than the certificate of merit given to Stephen Huber on his leaving the army, after having served eleven years in the fifth regiment. The ink has turned brown, the arms upon the seal are almost all chipped off, and the flies are going through their last autumn manoeuvre upon the smooth pane of glass.

There sits Stephen staring into the candle; the child, too, upon his knee sits quiet, and with a fixed look, as if lost in thought like her father; for he sees nothing that is going on around him—his past life shifts before him like a dream.

A joyous day was that when he entered the army; no father or mother wept at parting from him; he had been early left an orphan. From the service of one master he passed into the regiment, where all served like him. Years flew by, he knew not how, and when the appointed term of his service expired, he enlisted again for five years more.

In the course of the last few years he had made the acquaintance of his Margaret. Many comrades as he had in the barracks, Stephen now for the first time seemed to belong to some one in the world. Now came days full of joy and full of sorrow; for his soldier's life grew burdensome to Stephen, and after another year of faithful service, he asked for his dismissal. Then he married Margaret, and went to live with her and her mother on a small property they possessed; his own small savings helping to begin housekeeping creditably.

During his service in the army Stephen had grown a stranger to village life, he had been so long accustomed to wear gloves; but hard labour soon tanned the skin upon his hands, and formed a glove which he could not pull off. All work was at first distasteful to him; and yet this would not have mattered much, for a man in good health soon accustoms himself to anything. But another sad consequence had resulted from his past life: Stephen had lost the habit of providing for himself,

In the barracks, his board, lodging, and firing were all found him, and things went on in a regular course, so long as a man only did his duty; but Stephen was now left to shift for himself, and he felt this a hardship. Gladly would he have gone back into service, to have again a fixed duty and a fixed pay; but this could not be; and a good thing it was that Margaret was a woman of resolution. For the first year or two, whilst their household was small, all had gone on well and smoothly; but as the family and debts increased, so did difficulties and disasters.

It may be matter for wonder that anybody should have permitted Stephen to get into their debt. But the debts were not personal; they were in the form of mortgages on the land and cottage, the interest of which required to be periodically and faithfully paid. Like a large proportion of small holdings, this one was mortgaged to nearly its full value, with the additional burden of the mother's life-rent; and therefore it could not be sold by its nominal proprietors.

A man falling into poverty is like one who is shipwrecked upon a small island in the open sea: he stands forlorn, watching the turbulent waves as they wash away the land, and swallow it up. He stands upon a small plot of ground, and he feels this too at length sink away, and himself with it. The worst that can happen a man in this state is dependency: it destroys his courage, and all power to rouse himself, or attempt to redeem his position.

Stephen's life passed monotonously, and wrapped in gloom: he was ready to do any kind of work, and worked in downright earnest: true though it be that, as the saying goes, toil has a bitter root, but sweet fruit, Stephen could no longer taste either the one or the other. No work was hard to him, but he knew not the comfort which lies in the consciousness of having done one's duty. The springs of his mind were in a manner closed and choked up.

Only the day before, his eldest child was laid in the earth: he had stood by, and looked on with a vacant stare. At the sight of the coffin, he asked himself where the money was to come from to pay for it; and when the clergyman spoke words of comfort and blessing, Stephen thought to himself that these words had likewise to be paid for. Even 'death brings its charge,' he murmured to himself.

Those who are at dispeace with themselves, fall naturally into quarrels with others. Stephen's bad humour had made his wife sulky and snappish, and in this manner bad led to worse. That night the mutual ill-temper came to an open rupture, of course each blaming the other. After a storm of sharp words, Stephen remained silent. His thoughts turned to the time when he was free in the world, ere other lives were dependant on him; and the past appeared to him as a lost paradise. But he thought not of all the hardships he had then to undergo, nor how often he had sighed to be his own master, and longed for his present life. He now saw only the gloom around him, and thought how different it was when no one in the world had any claim on his exertions.

'Here am I toiling like a slave for these women,' said he internally, 'and getting no thanks for my pains; my wife even casts up that I got a cottage and land with her in marriage. 'Tis false! I got nothing of the sort. The payment of interest on mortgages is a millstone round my neck. To be sure if granny were gone, I might contrive to give up the property, and have a small balance over. But she won't die these dozen years. Old half-mad women are as tenacious of life as cats. ... Ha! what notion was that which crossed my mind? Kill granny! No, no; that would never do. I have been a soldier, but never shall be—a murderer.'

As the fearful thought flashed across the imagination, Stephen started convulsively: his face grew red as fire. The child upon his knee, roused by his shudder, seized him by the chin. Stephen's features brightened: he lifted the child up, and kissed it fervently, as if by that kiss

he would ask forgiveness for the sinful thought that had sprung up in his soul.

Stephen took the child in his arms, and turning to his wife, who was busy preparing some potatoes for supper, he inquired in a kindly tone if he could help her.

The woman answered acrimoniously, the fact being, that she had not yet vented her anger.

Stephen was thrown back on himself—on his own evil thoughts. In a chaos of passion, in which vexation predominated, he fell to rocking the child, which lay fast asleep upon his knee, with its little hands closed and raised towards his breast, until at length he perceived that he had almost thrown it on the ground, and stopped.

Hungry as he was, Stephen scarcely felt it a relief when supper was announced as being ready. The potful of boiled potatoes was emptied on the table, and salt was set down for general use. Stephen forced himself to swallow a potato, but his throat seemed sewn up, and he muttered to himself, 'The best thing, after all, is for a man to be dead and buried.' He leant back and shook his head, as if wishing to shake off the thought of what was done, and could not be undone.

Margaret had been accustomed, before she tasted a bit herself, to peel the best potatoes with wonderful alacrity, slice and salt them, and push them to her husband: and this little attention she continued all the time she herself was eating. But this evening he sat waiting long in vain: the truth was, that Margaret dawdled somewhat, and he gave her a significant look: his wife saw in it only anger and reproach. What claim, indeed, had Stephen to her watchful attention? Could not he help himself? So thought Margaret, in her foolishness, and she pushed the peeled potatoes over to the children, as if to make up for their father's hasty words.

Stephen smiled to himself; and partly out of real kindness, and to make amends, but partly, too, from a little secret desire of retaliation, he now laid before Margaret a potato which he had himself peeled. But in a sharp tone she only said, 'Eat it yourself: I do declare you have never washed your hands after your stone-breaking!'

Stephen bit his lips, and presently blurted out, 'Get a baker for your husband; he'll always have clean hands with kneading his dough.' So saying, he clasped his pocket-knife, rose up, and left the house.

He now gave vent to his rage, and began to storm, whilst the silent voice of conscience interrupted his exclamations. Stephen thought thus to himself:—

'Truly I am the most miserable man in the world.'

'The question is, how that is to be understood,' replied the voice.

'Have I not to labour for wife and children, and slave like a horse out of doors in the wind and rain?'

'Whilst your wife has all the care and trouble at home, with her helpless mother and crying children, without peace or rest.'

'I never get a good word in return for all my labour.'

'Ask yourself whether you have not received many more good words than you have given?'

'I bring home every farthing I earn, and keep nothing for myself.'

'Do your wages belong to you or to your family, or has your wife secret treasures?'

'I never allow myself any pleasure.'

'And pray does your wife at home eat roast meat and salad?'

'For weeks I have not tasted a drop of beer.'

'Does your wife, then, drink wine every day?'

'And for all this I get never a word of thanks.'

'What thanks do you require for doing your duty?'

'She treats me like a dog, and makes only an ill return for all my kindness. I have never a happy moment.'

'Oh how you lie to your own soul! Can you have

forgotten the hundreds of hours, of days, when her love and goodness have blessed and strengthened you? Nay, could you not at any time wind her round your finger by a kind word?

'My home is made unbearable, my life a burden. Oh that some one would send a bullet through my head!'

'Strike down your own wicked thoughts—destroy them; that is wiser.'

'Well, when I am dead and gone, she'll then learn what I have been to her.'

'Ay, what? A man unable to control his passions; and who, not content with the troubles that come of themselves, is ever worrying himself and his family.'

'I only wish that I could go out into the wide world, and forget everything.'

'Nay, there is one whom you cannot forget. I shall accompany you wherever you go.'

So thought Stephen to himself, and thus did the voice of conscience try to make itself heard within him; but he would not listen to it.

As he sauntered through the village, he felt as if he were a stranger and alone—as if he knew no one. He was a stranger to his own heart, as he was in his own home. He was ashamed to go to the public-house to drive away his cares, for his eldest child had been buried only the day before. Seeing by chance a light in the schoolmaster's house, he resolved to drop in upon him. He and the schoolmaster were great friends. The latter was a good sort of man, in the prime of life. He had drawn up for Stephen the petition which had procured him the little post of road-mender, and they had ever since been in the habit of meeting frequently. Stephen, who had lived many years in the town, and had a certain feeling of importance, thought this was just the man for him—one who, in spite of his humble condition, could understand him; and this was in reality the case.

At the schoolmaster's house Stephen met a number of men and lads, all patiently listening to a harangue. They were intending emigrants, who had come to be instructed by the schoolmaster about the geography and nature of North America, as to how they should get thither, the best means of settling there, and so forth. A thought flashed across Stephen's mind, of which we shall hear more presently.

When the lecture was ended, the folks all rushed into the open air. Every man seemed ready that instant to run off into the backwoods, and set to work, felling the trees of the forest that had stood there untouched since the day of creation, or digging and ploughing up the soil. At moments of excitement and enthusiasm like these, men are often able to perform almost superhuman feats; ay, and at such moments acts of daring and valour are achieved upon the field of battle. And yet, in truth, it is much easier to advance boldly up to the cannon's mouth than silently to work upon one's own secret will, and to combat the petty troubles and vexations of life—a struggle of the heart. Such a struggle Stephen had to encounter.

Many of the assembled throng now betook themselves to the public-house. They could not immediately set about anything for their future prospects, and thought themselves therefore at liberty to break through all restraints, and give themselves up to idleness, until the new scene of activity opened to them. Into this torrent of enthusiasm Stephen plunged, and heard all that was said in favour of emigration. Next day his humour was not improved. He had formed a project in his mind, not a word of which he said to Margaret; he wished to perfect the scheme quite alone. Moreover, he knew well enough the obstacles which stood in his way, and resolved to say nothing until these were overcome, his preparations made, and all was ready. He got a notion into his head that here, in his own country, no one could properly become a man; that life in earnest could only begin in the new world. He seemed to have now awakened to an estimate of the full power of manhood; and in fact this was in a certain

sense the case. He felt a kind of pride, of self-importance, in doing all without saying a word; but Stephen had yet to learn from experience what a man gets by separating himself from those to whom the ties of nature have bound us; he had yet to discover the abyss toward which he was rushing.

Margaret, too, on her part, was looking forward to a new life—she was expecting another child; but she did not dare to disclose this to Stephen. Was he not her wedded husband in the sight of God and man? and yet she wept in silence, as if she had to hide a secret feeling of shame. She sighed when she thought that the new life would bring only fresh sorrow into the house; and recollected with what cold indifference Stephen had borne the death of their eldest child, or rather with the satisfaction of having a burden taken from his shoulders. Thus were these two persons, united by the closest and holiest ties of nature, and living under the same roof, parted as if by the wide sea.

Stephen, when at his work, would shake his head involuntarily, as if a horse-fly had stung him; and he would sometimes hold a stone for a whole minute under his foot, and forget to split it, as he sat lost in thought. And now the minutes seemed hours, for he had lost the only treasure which he had kept through all his poverty—his watch. 'Tis true he had only pawned it, to pay the expenses of the funeral, but he knew that he should never be able to redeem it; and he felt as if he had parted with a portion of his very existence, and an instinctive consciousness of coming misery stole upon his mind. As he used to sit thinking over the future, and how he should work in the backwoods of America, felling the trees and clearing the ground, every blow that he gave a stone with his hammer seemed to him a useless waste of labour: he longed to be at work on his own land, and not sit hammering there upon a heap of stones for mere pitiful day-wages. Then involuntarily he put his hand to his pocket, where he used to wear his watch, and he thought, 'Ah! if the old grandmother's bed were but empty, I could sell it and get my watch again.'

This thought, which suggested itself as it were by accident to his mind, from this time haunted him perpetually. As long as the old woman lived, Margaret would not consent to emigrate, nor could the cottage and grounds be turned into cash. At home, Stephen was now always silent, except when he broke forth from time to time; for the merest trifle threw him into a passion, and he quarrelled with all around him, because he quarrelled with himself. Margaret remarked the change in her husband, and began to experience feelings of remorse: she felt that she had gone too far—wished she could have recalled some exasperating expressions. One thing puzzled her: Stephen was evidently thinking over some scheme which he kept a secret from her. Could it have any relation to granny? He took looks of her that were positively frightful; at the same time he spoke gaily to the old woman, and listened to her long confused stories about the hymns she had learned.

It was no small aggravation of Margaret's disturbance of feeling that she had to contend with painful privations. The family were forced to live almost at the brink of starvation. A good stock of linen, the last thing a German peasant parts with, had been sold in liquidation of some pressing debts. Various articles of furniture had previously disappeared for similar emergencies. There was not a bedstead left in the house, except that on which the grandmother lay.

How melancholy was the picture which the interior of the cottage disclosed! The family one evening had retired to rest, after the mere shadow of a meal. Stephen stretched himself on the floor, supperless and hungry, and wrapped his old tattered soldier's cloak about him. Margaret had taken the child to herself, that they might keep one another warm; but she found no rest, for the voice of hunger cried aloud within her for food. Moreover, she lay thinking of her disagree-

ment with her husband; she wanted to speak openly to him about matters, but she felt choked, and her tongue was parched. Stephen, too, could not sleep; he lay tossing from side to side, restless from hunger and the struggle that was going on in his own mind.

A word spoken in kindness, one to the other, would have led to a reconciliation; but who was first to speak that word?

In his restlessness, Stephen uttered a deep sigh. It was dark, and Margaret could not see her husband; but she heard him sigh, and knew that he lay not further than an arm's length from her. The feelings of the wife and mother were melted: pride gave way before the influence of the affections: Margaret stretched forth her hand and laid it gently on the shoulder of her husband. It was a movement as if guided by an angel of mercy.

'Dear Stephen,' said the wife.

'Dear Margaret,' replied the husband. As he said so, his long frozen-up feelings found vent in tears. In tenderness there is repentance. Stephen resolved to unburden his thoughts to Margaret. He told her all—all that he had contemplated, and his sinful desire for the old woman's death. His feelings found a vent in tears, and Margaret wept with him. She told him that she had suspected his thoughts of emigrating; but had feared to speak. Stephen was now enraged with himself, but Margaret pacified him with affectionate words; and at length he said, 'Forget it all—forgive me! I see—I see: do not ask me more—forget it all! You are good and kind, Margaret; and indeed I will repay your love! Let us, above all, be of one heart and mind.'

Their poverty and long estrangement were all now forgotten; everything looked brighter; they no longer felt any hunger; and as they talked over their future hopes and plans, they reconciled one another to wait patiently for the present in their little cottage. Stephen determined to work hard, and to conquer every bad passion in his breast; and this resolution restored peace to him.

From that day he was unusually brisk and diligent at his work: spring was approaching, and with it the pressure of want began to be less felt. In his conduct to the grandmother Stephen showed a remarkable tenderness, and Margaret did not understand what he meant when he one day said, 'I do so hope that good old soul may live many years yet! Sometimes I have thought to myself that our little child would learn to walk alone, and run upon our own land in America; but no matter—'tis all one—it can play about just as well here.' Often in an evening he would sit playing with the old woman like a child, and yielded to her in everything, for she was very self-willed. He heard her regularly repeat the verse out of the hymn-book; but sometimes she did not know what hymn she had been set to learn, and then he would read to her the first lines of all the hymns alphabetically; but whilst he was reading, she forgot what she had wished, and wanted to play again with her beans. Stephen's conduct is told in a few words—it sprang, in truth, not only from patience and forbearance, but from a refinement of feeling.

One day the old woman was in great delight, when the schoolmaster, coming to call upon Stephen, heard her repeat her verse, and made her a present of a little picture. Stephen, too, shared in this innocent and childish joy.

When spring came, and the troop of emigrants prepared for their departure, the old feeling of restlessness came over Stephen again: he stood watching the folks as they passed him while at work breaking stones on the road, and he bade them farewell with a bitter smile.

'So,' said he, 'I have to mend the roads, to help you on your way! Perhaps it may turn out that you are but going before to smoothe the way for me—who knows?'

As Captain Lumbus drove past, he cried out to

Stephen, 'Hollo, you stone-hammerer! in America I'll buy a dukedom, and call it Lumbia, and when you come over, I'll make you a present of a hundred acres.' Stephen did not answer.

For some days after the departure of the troop of emigrants, the village seemed quite deserted: their well-known faces were missing, and every one felt sure that they would never be forgotten. But no—when a man, or a community of men, sinks in the stream of life, it is as with a stone falling into the water: at first it parts the tide, but the rings which it creates enlarge and grow fainter as they recede, until at length the water flows on smooth as before. The wanderers were scarcely gone, when the young swallows, twittering in secret, took counsel together where they should fix their nests; then off they flew, circling around this roof and that, and on the wing discussing their plan of building. Ere they had finished their nests, hardly a person in the village had longer a thought for the troop of their brethren who had so lately gone forth from among them to settle and build in distant lands. Where were they now hovering? Stephen and the schoolmaster were almost the only persons who talked frequently of their distant friends, and accompanied them in thought across the ocean.

Autumn was come again. A merry little girl was added to Stephen's family, but a friend was withdrawn from it. The schoolmaster was imprisoned: he had received a letter from his brother, who had emigrated with the rest, describing the voyage to America, and the first steps taken to fix on a settlement. The schoolmaster had made several copies of this letter, which gave offence to the police; for it was construed into an attempt to evade the censorship of, and tax on, the public press. Some weeks elapsed before the poor man was set at liberty, and when he returned home, he felt that his position was changed: the little authority of his office was gone, and he finally resolved to emigrate. He told his intention to Stephen, who was, without any great difficulty, persuaded to accompany him; for the desire of emigrating only slumbered in his mind, and the slightest circumstance sufficed to re-awaken the thought. Stephen, however, had to suffer a heavy punishment for the wicked thoughts which he had once allowed to enter his breast.

One day he was nailing up some boards in an out-house, near which stood a ladder he had been using. Unsettled and capricious, the old grandmother had wandered to the spot, and, unperceived by her son-in-law, had climbed to the top of the ladder, where a favourite cat had taken up its station. All at once a piercing shriek was heard; the old woman fell headlong down the steps. Stephen ran to the spot, and stood horror-struck with his hammer in his hand. Several of the neighbours also came running up and gathered round the old woman, who lay senseless on the ground, apparently at the point of death. Pale as ashes, Stephen stared fixedly on the senseless body. There, thought he, was the accomplishment of that which he had so often contemplated—nay, desired in the bottom of his soul! A feeling of terror and remorse seized him, as if it was his wish that had done the deed: he ran away from the place, and acted as if out of his senses; he knew not which way to turn or what to do. Presently the constables came up, and Stephen had to go with them before the magistrate. The thought which he had kept hidden in the depths of his soul, which he had combated and conquered, and to which he imagined no one could ever penetrate, now occurred, as it were naturally, to the mind of every one, and a charge was immediately founded upon it. He was accused of having wilfully thrown the old woman down the ladder, and killed her with the hammer.

Notwithstanding his denial of the crime laid to his charge, he was committed for further examination. His confinement, however, was of no long duration. The old woman had not been killed outright, as was at first supposed. She recovered sufficiently to explain the

cause of her fall, and died next day, surrounded by her family. When she was buried, Stephen wept over her grave. These were the last tears he shed on his native soil, for with steady and sober resolution he now made all his preparations for removal from his native country, and at length emigrated. He had grown strong in the struggle with himself and with the world. He had learnt by hard experience to know himself and others, and his mind was now at peace. With the renovated spirit of youth and hopefulness, he was free to steer his course toward a new home, and to enter upon a new life.

The schoolmaster and Stephen, with their families, were among the first of those who went to seek their fortunes in America, and there they settled in one of those districts which have been appropriated by their industrious countrymen. There also they were successful in their labours; and under the shadow of their own vine and fig-tree, they had no reason to regret having sought a new home beyond the waters of the Atlantic.*

AN UNKNOWN REPUBLIC.

Among the higher recesses of the Pyrenees there exist two small republics, having scarcely any dependence on, or connection with, the monarchy of Spain on the one hand, or the newly-got-up republic of France on the other. One of these—Andorre—is not unknown to the world; but the other, which is of considerably less extent and population, may never probably have been heard of in England. Goust, as this obscure little commonwealth is termed, has its locale at the southern extremity of the valley of Ossau, or rather the track which leads to it there begins. This track winds along the face of a steep, through forests, rocks, and clouds, till the stranger, faint and dizzy, begins to fancy that he is in the nightmare, climbing some miraculous bean-stalk. But courage! Goust is no mushroom power: it is full of the ease and dignity of years; and at every step you find traces of bygone generations. Here the corner of the cliff is rounded; there a rustic seat invites you to rest for a moment; and again the hewn trunk of a tree affords you passage over some mountain torrent. Pleasant is it for the wayfarer man to pause in such a place; to feel the sunbeams showering upon him through the trees; to drink of the sparkling waters, with his hand for a cup; to lean over the precipice, and watch them leaping in mad joy into a bottomless abyss; to listen to their voice as it mingles with the singing of birds; and to see in imagination the distant world below, with all its paltry cares and mean ambitions. And more than pleasant for him is it to resume the journey after such a pause, to stride forward like a giant refreshed, and to feel that his spirit belongs to that upper region to which his feet are hastening.

The apex of the mountain is at length sufficiently near to be discerned above your head, for you are now between three and four thousand feet from the level of the valley, and a beautiful and yet fantastic scene it presents. Instead of the naked rocks you might have expected, a green coronal hangs upon the peak; and this, as you approach, resolves into trees and bushes, and gardens and fields, forming a little fairy oasis, belonging more to the air than the earth. This is the domain of Goust; and in the midst of these trees are its ten houses, inhabited by its population of fifty souls.

We cannot answer for the exact number of the people; but we know that the number of the houses has been the same through all tradition. Indeed the permanence of everything at Goust is its most striking characteristic; and in the present age of revolution, it may be worth while to try to ascertain the cause. As

for the government of the community, we are not prepared to say that it has any definite form at all. At any rate there is no council-chamber, no parliament, no justice-room. Certain voices are listened to with respect and obedience, but age appears to be the sole qualification. At Goust all intellects are alike, the sole difference being made by experience. A man of a hundred years of age is wiser than a lad of fifty or sixty; and indeed till the first-mentioned age is attained, the judgment can hardly be reckoned mature. Centenarians are the rule amongst the old men, not the exception; and Dr Cayet, the chronicler of the place, who writes in 1605, mentions the death in that year of an individual who was born in 1482.

The religion of Goust has neither priest nor temple; but, except when they are shut up by the snow during winter, the inhabitants do not suffer the insularity of their position to deprive them of spiritual comfort. Laruns is the grand centre of the Christianity of the country; and thither, on great occasions, descend the population of the peaks and precipices of this portion of the Pyrenees. At Laruns they are baptised, married, and buried; for people die some time or other even at Goust. Lovers walk to the distant church to become husband and wife, and infants are carried thither to be made Christians; but the dead, who cannot walk, and whom it would be difficult to carry along a descending path cut in the face of an almost perpendicular cliff, require some contrivance. They are made to slide down the precipice, and the mourners follow, having hold of a rope attached to the coffin. When the path at length becomes more practicable for a funeral procession, the cortège is met by a priest, and they take their way, with holy hymns, to the cemetery of Laruns.

But these are not the sole visits of our republicans to the lower world. They carry milk and vegetables even to the Eaux-Chaudes, and may be seen trafficking for luxuries, comforts, or necessities in the most distant corners of the valley of Ossau. There is, indeed, one commodity—luxury, comfort, and necessary in one—the search for which brings every young man of Goust into the valley at one time or other. At home there are young girls enough, but all are within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, and it is necessary to go abroad for a wife. Down, therefore, they plunge—these adventurous bachelors—like angels (Thomas Moore's) coming to woo the daughters of men; and casting the eagle glance of the mountaineer round this Tempe of the Pyrenees, they are not long of singling out their destined bargain. The marriage takes place, as we have said, at Laruns; and then comes the young wife's expedition, undertaken probably for the first time, into the cloud-land which is henceforward to be her home. As she ascends farther and farther from the level earth, and the path becomes narrower and steeper, she clings closer and closer, it may be supposed, to the arm she has selected for her support in the journey of life. The valley beneath is already covered with tumbling clouds, and she is terrified to look back upon the dizzy path by which she has climbed out of the vapour. Forward—forward—is her only hope; her destiny is fixed beyond recall; the metaphors of poetry are to her substantial facts. But how beautiful is the oasis that at length rewards her labour! How deep is the feeling of security with which her lately quaking heart is filled! And how strange the next morning is the silence of the desert air, which awakens her with a start and a thrill! But her dream is interrupted by the hungry yet joyous cries of the household for breakfast; and in half an hour the young girl of Ossau is converted into the thrifty, thoughtful, methodical, hard-working matron of Goust.

This incident is fertile in consequences; for the union of the two families does not end here. The adventurous brother of the bride follows her steps, both in affection and curiosity, to see what strange abiding-place the soaring fancy of his sister has chosen. Among the curiosities of the place, his eye rests upon a rich warm cheek and flashing eye, which has the same effect upon

* The above tale, bearing token of the simplicity of German thought and writing, is a free translation from Berthold Auerbach.

him—for love delights in contrasts—which the pale and pensive face of the girl of the valley produced upon the heart of the mountaineer. The one damsel descends as willingly as the other climbed; and by and by the daughter of Goust becomes the wife of Ossau. Thus are knit together by kindred sympathies the two extremes of the region, and sweet thoughts and loving memories fly backwards and forwards, like doves, between heaven and earth. Thus, too, the principle of population is regulated, and the human ebb and flow goes far towards keeping the numbers of the oasis at an average which has remained steady for ages.

But when this equilibrium is interrupted by circumstances—when, for instance, there come some additional mouths, which threaten, when they grow larger, to stint the commons of the hamlet—then appears the wisdom of the government of Goust. A boy, perhaps two or three, if it be necessary, are equipped, and sent forth to push their fortune in the valley. And these are no loss to the hamlet: they form its advanced guards, and become *points d'appui* of its traffic. They are not exiles, but agents. They are true colonists, linked to the mother-land by love and reverence, and a constant interchange of good offices. In greater social aggregations the same necessity is felt, and the same means of relief is at hand; but, less clear-sighted than the centenarians of Goust, or else bewildered by the complications of a numerous society, such communities lose time in arguing and temporising, till the evil becomes intolerable, and the whole fabric of the state is shaken—perhaps shattered. The mouths continue to increase, while the produce remains stationary. Envy, hate, crime, take the place of love, innocence, and peace. The food is ravished which can no longer be earned; and the public misery at length revenges itself upon a government whose worst crimes were indecision and imbecility.

But although our hamlet escapes some of the evils, it yet misses, we must own, some of the advantages of a society in a more complicated state. In it individuals are nothing, and the mass everything. There is no opportunity for the innovations of genius, no field for experiment and improvement. The whole body politic must advance at once, or all remain stationary. Originality is reckoned madness; novelty is a crime—an insult. Agriculture and implements, manners and knowledge, are at this day what they were in the time of Henri Quatre; and long before then, the enduring stereotype had been cast. The stream of the world rolls by several thousand feet beneath, washing the base of that eternal rock, but unable to reach the summit with its voice or its spray.

Goust, we have said, is a democracy; and it is so in the strictest sense of the word. Distinctions of rank are unknown, and the only existing superiority is that of age. As a man in the progress of years becomes callous to the ordinary enjoyments of life, there open out to him new vistas of power and utility. Seated before their cottage doors, wrapped in the twilight radiance of the setting sun, the decemvirs of the hamlet receive the homage of their descendants. Their decisions, however, are not despotic, but constitutional; for the government is traditional, and the qualifications of a functionary are nothing more than years and memory. Property remains to this day on its original basis. No family has an inch more land than its neighbours. There being no inferiority of wealth, there is no pride of purse; and where the condition of all is known to all, there can be no pretension, no ostentation, no hypocrisy. It would seem, indeed, that there is an equality even in the intellect of the inhabitants, the means of its cultivation being so humble and so uniform; and thus the hamlet of Goust presents an almost absolute equilibrium, individual, social, and territorial, and may be looked upon as an expression of the democratic state in its simplest and purest form. Such as it is, it might form a useful study, both as regards its advantages and disadvantages, for the statesmen of these last days, if

they could only raise their eyes high enough from the crowd that is rushing and struggling on the surface of the earth.

We have only to add, that this hamlet is one of several perched on the pinnacles of the Pyrenees, and almost forgotten by the parent state to which they belong. Escaping interference through their poverty, insignificance, and remoteness, they have grown up into self-supporting communities, and preserved a traditional independence in the midst of the political changes which have convulsed the rest of the country.

WALKS IN A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

MUCH as I have seen of grand and imposing scenery—mountains, rocks, waterfalls, and the great ocean itself—nothing has ever so effectually impressed me with feelings of the sublime and wonderful as the vast forests of Brazil. It is indeed allowed that the whole kingdom of nature presents no spectacle more grand, and at the same time pleasing and curious, than the Brazilian Forest. The woods of North America are doubtless as extensive and pathless, but they are comparatively monotonous and tame in their aspect; the climate under which they flourish not being calculated to impart picturesque, varied, and permanent beauty.

Equipped for the expedition, and accompanied by a guide, the traveller plunges into the forests of Brazil as into a sea of trees, flowers, and animal existences—all new, strange, and overwhelming in their abundance and illimitable variety. He sees what nature, under a burning sun, and with a rich soil, can do when left to herself. How puny man's efforts in comparison! After a day or two's wearisome rambling, he finds he has penetrated to the home of the beast of prey, the paradise of the insect and bird, and the court-royal of the vegetable kingdom. There, lost in wonder, moved by feelings wholly new to his mind, he is never weary of beholding. To use the bright colours of Dr Von Martius—in these 'vast woods, whose summits, bound together by wreaths of wonderful flowers, appear to fathom the blue sky, while the plains at their feet are clothed with the most lovely and odoriferous plants; and while beyond the eye catches a glimpse of the vast territory of the royal race of the palms, the traveller may easily conceive himself to have been suddenly transplanted into the fabled gardens of Hesperides.' These forests are of vast antiquity: the surface of the soil appears to indicate that while in other countries rough places have been made plain, valleys exalted, and mountains dethroned, here centuries have rolled past leaving scarcely a feature of the forest scenery seriously affected. The enormous dimensions of the trees, with the sure register of their age, preserved by themselves in their concentric rings, are evidences of this remarkable fact. The Brazilians call them 'Virgin Forests.' One of the circumstances which at first impresses most is the delicious coolness of the air. On the borders of these forest-realms a tropical heat beats upon the traveller's head; but on plunging into these wooded recesses, this is exchanged for an almost temperate climate. In less dense portions the mass of the solar rays is broken up into myriad-penciled streaks, which come piercing down through the verdant roof, divested of more than half their energy. There is a subdued and indefinite murmur pervading these majestic groves, like the hum of human life heard afar off: the tiny horn of the insects, the strange voices of birds, and the distant cries of the monkeys, make the solemn scene vocal with nature's hymn. But disregarding these, the traveller turns to the contemplation of the stupendous vegetation crowding around him, which coats the soil, creeps up the trees, flings its airy garlands aloft; which forms the foreground, the background, and the very sky of this sylvan picture.

The scene abounds in contrasts. The towering palm shooting up into the cloudless sky, seeking the nearest proximity to the sun, carries its graceful head high

above all. Conceive the effect of a beautiful crown of dark-green graceful foliage borne on the summit of a slender shaft, probably a hundred and eighty feet high. Then when the wind comes along the forest tops below, these gracious monarchs will be seen to bend in acknowledgment of fealty, and rising again, to fling out the splendid feathers in their tufts, as though, when the momentary act of condescension was performed, they hastened to resume the bearing of their rank. The situations in which the palms often make their appearance in these forests give them an additional beauty. Sometimes on the summit of a granite rock, fed by the humus of centuries, its root watered by the forest stream, the Linnæan 'prince of vegetation' takes its stand, rising into the air like a giant. Sometimes, likewise—for the palms are by no means uniform in size—they fix themselves in a desolate, solitary spot, the trunk swollen in the middle, and tapering above and below, thus wearing the appearance of vast nine-pins set up for the amusement of the ancient sons of Anak; and sometimes the children of the race will take the shelter of a sturdy green veteran, and, with a kind of vegetable vanity, display their exquisite forms and hereditary coronets against his rugged ungainly trunk and distorted branches.

While a comparatively dull similarity marks the forests of temperate regions, those of Brazil are conspicuous for the wonderful variety and endless contrasts. Here 'the silk-cotton-tree,' writes Dr Spix, 'partly armed with strong thorns, begins at a considerable height from the ground to spread out its thick arms and digitated leaves, which are grouped in light and airy masses,' while beyond, luxuriant trees of lower growth, and 'the Brazilian anda shooting out at a less height many branches profusely covered with leaves,' unite to form a verdant arcade. The next curious object is the hard outline of the 'trumpet-tree' (*Cecropia peltata*). The stem, which is smooth, polished, and of an ash-gray colour, springs up to a considerable height, and then suddenly flings out a whorl of branches like a ruff, which have white leaves at their extremities, reminding us, to compare great things with small, of the anomalous specimens of forest-trees which get imported into this country in children's toy-boxes. In the deeper recesses of the forest are trees of colossal proportions. Dr Von Martius gives the particulars of a locust-tree which fifteen Indians with outstretched arms could only just embrace. Several others were upwards of eighty feet in circumference at the bottom, and sixty feet where the boles became cylindrical. By counting the concentric rings of such parts as were accessible, he arrived at the conclusion that they were of the age of Homer! and 332 years old in the days of Pythagoras: one estimate, indeed, reduced their antiquity to 2052 years, while another carried it up to 4104! The effect produced upon the imagination by the sight of these vegetable patriarchs can scarcely be described. Many of the trees are adorned with beautiful flowers of every conceivable hue, and of odour equally varied, now attracting, and now repelling the explorer. Some of them painted in the gaudiest colours, glitter against the deep foliage, others concealed under its shelter, while others again expand, and glitter, and fade at a height at which neither the hand of man nor the invasion of animals can reach them.

Though the aspect of these mighty trees conveys something of the impression of an eternal existence, they are not less mortal than their humbler companions. Many agencies are in operation, the ultimate effect of which is to pull them down, lay them level with the ground, and reduce them to their original dust. If by ill-fortune one has long been surrounded by a crowd of trees of another kind, like the great ones of our own race, its situation is eminently perilous. The insidious neighbours conspire to sap its strength, purloin its juices, and contend for the ground with its struggling roots. The result is easy to be conceived:

the noble tree begins to wither; branch after branch drops mortified from the trunk; it becomes seared, leafless, and rotten from head to foot; and in a few months the struggle is suddenly terminated by a mighty wind. The wood-boring insects and ants had long singled out their victim, and in millions had eaten up its strength. The splendid trunk bends under the wind; a fresh gust in greater violence catches it; and down it comes, overwhelming in its ruin not a few of the enemies which had combined against it, and startling the whole forest with the thundering crash betokening its destruction. A further work is, however, to be accomplished. Curious fungi steal over it, and revel on its dead carcass, on which they display their splendid apparel and grotesque forms. In a short time the chemical influence of the air also aiding in the deed, they, too, have fulfilled their office; and now the place where stood the pride of the forest 'knows it no more,' save as a shapeless mass of vegetable earth.

Penetrating more deeply into these forests, it is no figure to say that there is the kingdom of eternal night. The darkness is never broken by the intrusion of the solar beam, and the feebler moonlight is never known there. The period when the earth is rejoicing in the blaze of a mid-day sun, is that in which the darkness of these recesses only becomes a little modified for a dim obscurity. At this time the straight and lofty trunks of the trees alone are discernible; above them hangs a dense impenetrable roof of branches and leaves; and the impression of being in a great vault, upheld by a thousand rugged pillars, is that which most deeply affects the traveller. A dreadful stillness, and an over-mastering feeling of gloom, oppress the faculties, and he gladly retraces his steps to brighter scenes out of this valley of the shadow of death. The most remarkable feature of these ancient forests remains to be mentioned, and it is that which clothes them in the most elegant and fantastic garb: it is the innumerable, the incredible multitude of parasitic plants and creepers. As though the surface of the earth were insufficient for the purpose of unfolding all the glorious productions of the teeming soil, every hoary trunk is a flower-garden, every branch a flower-stand, on which a countless variety of plants, of the most exquisite foliage and flower, put forth their beauties, adorning the great mass on which they thrive with a garment of divers colours and odours not its own. Curiaes, arums, the splendid flowers of the pothos, the bromelias, the sweet-scented favourites of the South American gardens, and singular tillandrias, hang down in the most astonishing luxuriance and remarkable forms from every aged tree. The trunks are also the dwelling-place of a profusion of variously-tinted lichens—some of a beautiful rose colour, others of a dazzling yellow, some blood-red, which paint the rough bark, and contribute a richness and a warmth of colouring to the ensemble which can scarcely be conceived. Up other giant stems creep passion-flowers, in rich exuberance, expanding in a variety of rich colours their singular form, once so awe-exciting, so deeply mysterious to the early discoverers of this continent. But the appearance of the luanths, visci, and orchids, which scramble over these trees, the pen fails to describe. Here seated on a scaly palm, there reposing on an immense bough, or dangling from the farthest branch, they shed their odours, inexpressibly sweet and grateful, and exult in their fantastic beauties, giving their resting-place a splendour of appearance not to be equalled by the most magnificent collection brought together by the hands of man. Yet more wonderful even than these are the creeping and twining plants in these regions. An exquisite wood-engraving, from a drawing by Martius, of a scene in the Organ Mountains, will be found in Dr Lindley's new work, 'The Vegetable Kingdom,' which will convey a definite idea at least of the elegant decoration thus contributed to the forest. Here will be seen Flora in her playfullest mood, flinging garlands from tree to tree, and binding in hymeneal cords, sometimes

of considerable strength, trees of the most opposite character and aspect. These plants creep in immense coils to the topmost boughs, fling themselves to the nearest neighbour, wind around the captive, and come down, twisting and curling in an inextricable manner, among the boughs. Occasionally they twist together like great cables, and are seen strapping down some great tree to the earth, something after the similitude of the mast of a ship. Mr Darwin says, 'During the second day's journey, we found the road so shut up, that it was necessary that a man should go abroad with a sword to cut away the creepers. The woody creepers themselves, covered by others, were of great thickness; some which I measured were two feet in circumference.' Many of these creepers suffocate the trees around which they clasp. In every direction their writhing lengths appear, giving the scene the character of an enormous nest of serpents. The surface of the ground is literally strewn with floral germs, in purple and gold, in scarlet and blue, and in every tinge into which the rays of light can be arranged; while the exquisite delicacy of the foliage of the ferns and mimosa adds its peculiar grace to the whole. Flowers which would be the pride and glory of our conservatories, here fall beneath the foot of the traveller at every step. Should he escape from the dense groves in which he has been so long immersed, and gain the elevation of some lofty hill, what a scene presents itself! Grotesque cacti are all around, the curious trees called the 'lilly-trees,' or *vellosias*, having thick naked stems, and dividing like a fork, with a few branches tipped with tufts of leaves, the most singular forms of the vegetable world, thrive on the plain at his feet, over which the emus, or American ostriches, gallop in flocks, and his eyes roam in never-tiring admiration over a sea of forest, of waving foliage, of changing tints, and of inexpressible majesty, spreading out its broad arms into the distant horizon. 'So thick and uninterrupted,' writes Humboldt, 'are the forests which cover the plains of South America between the Orinoco and the Amazon, that were it not for intervening rivers, the monkeys, almost the only inhabitants of these regions, might pass along the tops of the trees for several hundred miles together without touching the earth.'

These primeval forests are only silent during the mid-day glare of the tropical sun. The dawn of morning is greeted by legions of monkeys, tree-frogs, and toads, and when the sun arises the scene is full of life. 'Squirrels, troops of gregarious monkeys, issue inquisitively from the interior of the woods to the plantations, and leap whirling and chattering from tree to tree. Birds of the most singular forms, and of the most superb plumage, flutter singly or in companies through the fragrant bushes. The green, blue, and red parrots assemble on the tops of the trees, or fly toward the plantations and islands, filling the air with their screams. The busy orioles creep out of their long, pendent, bag-shaped nests, to visit the orange-trees; and their sentinels announce, with a loud screaming cry, the approach of man. Above all these strange voices, the metallic tones of the uraponga sound from the tops of the highest trees, resembling the strokes of the hammer on the anvil, filling the wanderer with astonishment. Delicate humming-birds, rivaling in beauty and lustre diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires, hover round the brightest flowers.' Thus, and in a regular succession, do these happy creatures spend their brief existence. The sun declines, the beasts of the forest do creep forth in search of prey, 'till at last the howling of the monkeys, the sloth with the cry as of one in distress, the croaking frogs, and the chirping grasshoppers with their monotonous note, conclude the day, and the bass tones of the bullfrog announce the approach of night. Myriads of luminous beetles now fly about like ignes-fatui, and blood-sucking bats hover like phantoms in the profound darkness of the night.'

But it must not be supposed that these forests are a paradise to man. Swarms of mosquitoes, multitudes of

piercing, stinging, penetrating, poisonous flies torment every portion of the surface uncovered for an instant. Monkeys and birds plunder his plantations: ants and cockroaches devour his food, and pull down his house about his ears. Abroad, the fierce cayman awaits him if he ventures near the pools, and the ounce, poisonous serpents, scorpions, centipedes, spiders, and acari, assault him in the woods. Yet with all these disadvantages, the same pen declares Brazil to be 'the fairest and most glorious country on the surface of the globe.' We may take for an appropriate conclusion the earnest language of our most recent traveller, Darwin:—'It is easy to specify the individual objects of admiration in these grand scenes; but it is not possible to give an adequate idea of the higher feelings of wonder, astonishment, and devotion which fill and elevate the mind. Among the scenes which are deeply impressed upon my mind, none exceed in sublimity the primeval forests undefaced by the hand of man; whether those of Brazil, where the powers of life are predominant, or those of Terra del Fuego, where death and decay prevail. Both are temples filled with the varied productions of the God of nature. No one can stand in these solitudes unmoved, and without feeling that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body.'

SUBLIMITIES OF THE TOE.

WHAT is worth doing at all, deserves to be done well! Aim to surpass every one in the line of life you have adopted, and success is scarcely doubtful! Such appear to have been the maxims that guided the elder Vestris in his grand efforts to put himself at the head of the dancing world. Was Vestris wrong? Certainly not: he not only carried off the highest honours of his profession, but was able to inspire his son Auguste with a proper spirit of emulation. A notice of a few traits of the character and history of this remarkable man may amuse a leisure moment.

Vestris was the son of a painter of some merit at Florence, and coming to Paris in the latter half of the eighteenth century, soon became the idol of the public, as well as of the court of Versailles, where he acquired the flattering cognomen of *Le Dieu de la Danse*.

Auguste Vestris was also a favourite at court, and sometimes presumed so far on the kindness of his royal protectress, Marie-Antoinette, as to decline dancing on very slight and frivolous pretexts. This occurring once when Marie-Antoinette had expressed her purpose of being present at the opera, he was instantly arrested. His father, alarmed at the consequences of such folly and imprudence, hastened to intreat the queen's pardon through the medium of one of her ladies-in-waiting.

'My son,' said he, 'could not surely have been aware that her majesty meant to honour the house with her presence, otherwise, can it be believed that he would have refused to dance before his generous benefactress? I am grieved beyond the power of expression at this misunderstanding between the Houses of Vestris and Bourbon, which have always been on the very best terms since our removal from Florence to Paris. My son is *au désespoir* at so unhappy an occurrence, and will dance like an angel if her majesty will graciously command him to be set at liberty.'

The young man was instantly restored to freedom; and on appearing before Marie-Antoinette, surpassed himself in the graceful exercise of his talent. The queen applauded him; and as she was about to leave her box, the elder Vestris presented his son, who came to return her thanks.

'Ah, Monsieur Vestris!' said Marie-Antoinette to the father, 'you never danced as well as your son has done this evening.'

'That is very likely, madame,' replied the old man; 'for, please your majesty, I never had a Vestris for my teacher!'

'Then,' rejoined the queen smiling, 'the merit, doubtless, is chiefly yours; and indeed I never can forget

* Spix and Martius. Travels in Brazil.

your dancing the *Minuet de la Cour* with Mademoiselle Guimard: it was quite a gem of art.'

Whereon the veteran artist raised his head with that grace which was quite peculiar to himself; for, filled as he was with *amour-propre* to a ridiculous degree, this old man had the noblest manners possible. Many a grand seigneur might have envied him the graceful and dignified ease with which he was so eminently gifted by nature; and several scions of nobility placed themselves under his tuition, to learn the secret of that courtly address which was so essential to their rank and position in life. On such occasions he would often make observations full of originality, and which indicated a subtle discernment of the follies and weaknesses of the great world. One of his pupils happening to be present at a lesson which he was giving the Prince de Lamark, was so much diverted at the tone and style of his instructions, that he noted down his words, which have been transmitted to us in the memoirs of a contemporary; and they are so characteristic of him, as to carry us back to the princely *salon* where Vestris discoursed with all the gravity of a philosopher on those minutiae of etiquette which in the eighteenth century were regarded as matters of deep importance.

Let us then hold up our heads, and lend a docile ear to the courtly maxims of '*Le Dieu de la Danse*,' as he was wont to call himself in his broad Italianised French.

'Let us see, Monsieur le Prince. There, there—very well. Salute first—salute—her majesty the empress of Germany. Ah! lower, sir—lower (the last word in a quick impatient tone). You must remain three-quarters of a second, sir, before you attempt to rise. There—that will do very well. In rising, sir, you must turn your head gently and modestly towards the right hand of her imperial and apostolical majesty. Kiss that hand which bears the sceptre (without, however, presuming to raise your eyes to the august countenance of the sovereign).

'You must not, sir, give any sort of expression to your physiognomy while saluting so great a princess. A certain air of respect, and even of fear, should pervade your whole person, and in so awful a moment, will not diminish aught from the gracefulness of your figure.

'You may represent to yourself so many dazzling crowns, magnificent titles, dominions, supremacies: so many past ages of power, mighty victories, and other sublime thoughts, until you are penetrated with veneration. That is all, sir.

'Now, Monsieur le Prince, salute Madame la Landgrave de Hesse Darmstadt. Ah! that is too low—too low by four inches. You salute her as if she was a queen. Shade, sir—shade! Begin again if you please. Ah, that is well! *Bravissimamente!* You must not forget that it is but a landgrave you are saluting, after having just quitted the imperial court of Luxembourg. Now let your eye rest a moment on the venerable lady-in-waiting, and say to her, by your courteous glance and smile, "Apart from the trammels of etiquette, I offer you, Madame la Comtesse, all the respectful homage which is due to your virtues, your age, and the position you occupy at court."

'Now, sir, I should like to see you salute the Constable de Rome. Ah! my prince, how you do pain and trouble me! Is this the fruit of so much care and experience—of all my zeal and labour? That is not the way, Monsieur le Prince: it is too low for you—a great deal too low! One would suppose that you mistook an excellency for a royal highness, and that you were bowing as humbly to her as if you were a gentleman from Poitou. Let your frank open air express to her agreeably: "Princess, I am really rejoiced that my visit to Rome enables me to form the acquaintance of so illustrious a lady, the flower of Italian dames, and one who does honour to her country by protecting the *beaux arts*." Then turn quickly towards the Prince of Palestrina, the Constable's eldest son, who will doubt-

less have hastened into his mother's gallery on hearing of your visit at the Colonna Palace. Alas! alas! *sango di me!* What do I behold? Can I believe my senses? How, how! poor young man! You salute him with that stiff melancholy English countenance, which is only suited to almsgiving among the galley-slaves! So, sir, that is the way you would reward him for his polite *empressment!* And what is the consequence, my prince? He looks coldly on you; he will criticise and avoid you; perhaps become your enemy: there is no help for it!

'Let not this lesson, sir, be thrown away upon you; and when you see his brother Don Gaetano Colonna approach you, take care that your amiable manner should at once express to him, "I am truly happy to make your acquaintance; I desire your friendship, and I offer you mine; and (here a little pride and self-possession will not be amiss)—it is worth having."

'Always be cordial, without *empressment*, Monsieur le Prince. Believe me, it is the best plan. The modern fashion of stiffness is never proof against an affable manner; one in which dignity is blended with kindness is the most suitable.

'Now, sir, let us descend a few steps. Salute some famous virtuoso: salute him frankly, cordially. Take care what you are about, Monsieur le Prince; do not be in a hurry. Behold in this celebrated artist the delight of a whole empire; a man of nothing exalted to the skies!—one whom monarchs cherish, whom they ennoble and enrich. Represent to yourself old Vestris honoured with a pension, decorated with the black ribbon, which I would have there now, sir (pointing to his breast), if it were not for this Luciferic revolution. Behold in me the Chevalier Vestris! Salute, sir—salute; a little lower if you please, sir: there—that will do.'

The dearest object of Vestris's ambition was to be decorated with the black ribbon of the order of St Michael; and it was impossible to enlighten him as to the unsuitability of such an honour being conferred upon a public dancer, even though he were the most distinguished of his profession.

At a time when the aged *Maréchal* de Richelieu was lying on his deathbed, Vestris was continually in his antechamber urgently requesting to see him on an affair of great importance. Being at length admitted to the *maréchal's* presence, he intreated of the dying man to obtain for him the joint solicitations of the four first lords of the bed-chamber, begging of the king to bestow upon him the honour he so much coveted. 'Signor Vestris,' replied the *maréchal*, 'it is not fitting that I should write on this subject to the king; but I promise you that on my first attendance at Versailles, I will speak to his majesty concerning you.'

'Oh! my lord, may I hope that?'

'I can answer for nothing, but for my speaking of it to the king, if ever I leave my bed again; and you may depend upon it my request will make him smile.'

The *maréchal* died, and Vestris never attained the object of his fond ambition.

He was also subject to the lesser vanity of desiring to conceal his age, and took incredible pains to deceive others in this matter. A celebrated *danseuse* having one day acknowledged, amid a large circle, her obligations to him as her teacher—'Oh! *mignonne Rosette!*' he replied, 'you talk of having taken lessons from me; but, my dear madame, you were a teacher yourself long before I had any pupils. I really do believe,' continued he, addressing the friends who were present—'I really believe she takes me for Old Saturn, or for the Destiny of Homer.'

Such were the foibles of this eccentric man, who united the utmost *niaiserie* and chorographical fanaticism with an extraordinary degree of acuteness of perception and originality of mind. Not only was he looked upon as one of the singularities of the eighteenth century, but also was he esteemed by those who knew him on account of his many amiable qualities; and we do not detail his weaknesses in a spirit of mockery or ridicule, for who amongst us can boast of being free

from the petty foibles of humanity? Happy those who are not tainted by worse follies than the inoffensive ambition and the harmless vanity which marked the character of this clever master of the dance.

ENGLISH PENAL SCHOOLS.

WITH all the remarkable advancement which the present age has made in practical science, and in many matters of social concern, it is undeniable that little or nothing has been done in the way of solving that great problem—the cause and cure of juvenile crime. All that we have ascertained is, that much of the prevalent delinquency is traceable to neglect and the formation of habits adverse to an honest course of life. But unfortunately the discovery of this fact seems scarcely to bring us any nearer to a practical remedy. The question of juvenile reclamation is inextricably involved with other questions; it is only a department in one vast subject—the social condition of the empire—and requires to be considered in connection with pauperism, defective national education, want of moral training and religious instruction, and intemperance with all the woes it engenders.

We cannot, of course, in these limited pages grapple effectually with this enormously-complicated question; but a few off-hand observations we are permitted to make may enable others to follow out the subject in all its bearings. First, as to the actual increase of juvenile depravity. All statistical inquirers into the subject make it evident that youthful offenders are increasing in relation to the amount of population. The number of criminals under twenty years of age committed to prison in 1835 was 6803, or 1 in 449 of the population, between ten and twenty years of age; while in 1844 they amounted to 11,348, or 1 in 304 upon the population of the same age. It is not till within the last ten years that the returns have specified the ages of prisoners; but we may judge of the proportion between crime and age by the two statements, that in the five years preceding 1810, the average annual number of commitments in England and Wales was 4792, and the convictions 2840, while the population of the age of ten years and upwards amounted to 7,302,600; whereas in the five years preceding 1845, the average annual number of commitments was 28,477, and the convictions 20,590; and the population ten years old and upwards had increased to 12,093,000; so that in a period of forty years' population, ten years old and upwards has increased 65 per cent., while the proportionate commitments for crime have been augmented 494 per cent., and the convictions 625 per cent. It is matter for regret that there should be a shadow of doubt as to the inferences here made, arising from the circumstance, that latterly there has been greater vigilance in capturing and bringing offenders to justice than formerly. But with every allowance for this possible ground of fallacy, it may be pretty safely admitted that juvenile crime is on the increase, all repressive influences notwithstanding.

The greatest difficulty in dealing with the subjects of juvenile delinquency and juvenile destitution, is that so often started by writers and thinkers, to the effect that if delinquency and destitution be remedied and removed by the especial guardianship of the state, a premium is put on both evils, and the exertions of honest labour and a course of virtuous action stand at a discount; that, in fact, to be fed, clothed, protected, removed to a distance where labour is highly paid, dishonesty and immorality make the surest road. It is much to be feared that philanthropists generally do not sufficiently estimate these reactive influences. Ragged or Industrial Schools, for example, have been advocated for their power of clearing away the juvenile lazzaroni of the streets. But at the very first, we expressed a fear that the temptations of food, shelter, and education for nothing in these seminaries might have a corrupting tendency; and experience shows us that,

with Ireland as a great fountain of mendicancy, it is barely possible, with all the checks that can be instituted, to reduce the number of begging and pilfering children in large cities. In other words, the more we do to relieve individual responsibility, the more requires to be done. We would not, however, from a theoretic conviction of this important fact, throw overboard all those schemes which have of late aimed at assuaging juvenile vagabondism and crime. According to Lord Ashley's statement, we have 30,000 destitute children in the metropolis alone; according to the last return of the metropolitan police force, 2111 of these children, or persons under twenty years of age, were committed for trial during the last year (1847). And is this mass of destitution and crime, the large amount of which cannot be gathered from official returns, to be left uncared for, in all its present and future results, because of this objection? Granting that there is a shadow of injustice in thus assisting vice instead of virtue, it must be recollected that much of this vice—we might almost say all of it—has arisen out of circumstances over which the sufferer had little or no power of election; and that there must, and always will, exist a distinction, even though unrecognised by any mere formula of law, between that morality which has grown up out of government supervision and assistance, and that which has grown up pure and uncontaminated in the moral nature of the being. The ethics of society most justly recognise this distinction, and always will.

It has been suggested that the half-disowned pupils of the Ragged Schools in the metropolis would very properly be disposed of by a process of emigration and apprenticeship in the colonies. Still, with the widest and best-adjusted systems of emigration to any or to the whole of our vast colonial empire, the causes of juvenile crime in the mother country remain unremedied; and whilst these exist, or even whilst undergoing a slowly-corrective process, much crime will necessarily arise, of too flagrant a character to allow of summary dismissal, or the palliative remedy of the mere Ragged School. For this there must exist discipline and correction; and it remains now for us to see whether or not a system of Penal Schools, efficiently carried out, would not effect more than the discipline of prisons, however ably carried out.

Looking at the great science of education, at its condition empirically, and by the light shed on it by minds like those of M. Willm, the Swiss Vhirli, and by the advanced philosophic speculations of M. Comte, and our own logician John Stuart Mill, we judge it in the new aspect of a science already based on certain fundamental inductions, and that a train of causes, methodically following one another, is necessary to the development of these fundamental truths or qualities on which can alone rest any beneficial results, mental or moral. Now look at the previous mental and physical condition of a juvenile offender, and see whether incarceration in a jail for three or twelve months, under industrial discipline, can beneficially alter all the foregone train of causes mental, moral, and physical. If, with respect to the training in Normal Schools, where we have the probability of acting upon entirely moral agents, three years is found the lowest average which can be allotted for any beneficial process of training, when the great philosophic teachers of Switzerland prefer a longer disciplining period than even this, we cannot expect effective action to be made upon the criminal condition, unless through a process efficient, systematic, and sufficiently prolonged. Prison discipline does not include such a process: it must arise from other methods. From what we have seen of the reformatory school at Horn, near Hamburg, and that at Mettray in France, as well as from all evidence bearing on the subject, we feel assured that Penal Schools, conducted with strict reference to moral and religious culture, and with a discipline involving out-door labour in fields and gardens, may be rendered the true means of reducing juvenile crime to a minimum. We are glad to observe that

the draft report on the principles of punishment, presented to the Parliamentary Committee on the Criminal Law by the recorder of Birmingham, suggests the adoption of Penal Schools in this country. The number of convicted juvenile offenders being, in 1845, 8532 males, and 1422 females—total, 9954—it was proposed by the late inspector of prisons, the Rev. Whitworth Russell, to divide England and Wales into thirteen districts, to each of which should be allotted a Penal School. We would, however, suggest that an exact apportionment of schools to districts is not in all cases desirable. The schools, accommodated in humble and temporary buildings, may be rendered moveable from place to place, with a view to operating on patches of land requiring to be reclaimed. By such means, great tracts of bleak moss may be brought into profitable cultivation, and at such a small expense as would induce landholders to enter into arrangements for leases on favourable terms. Energetically carried out, what an amount of national good might spring from school organisations of this nature!

The establishment of Penal Schools will be materially facilitated by a knowledge of the fact, that they will save money to the country, and be partly self-supporting; perhaps they may, in the end, be made entirely to support themselves, which will be a triumph of no ordinary kind. It has been found that at Stretton-upon-Dunsmore the cost of reforming a boy is, on an average, about £26; while the average cost of transporting boys is £33, 16s. 10d. a-head. The charge for reforming is therefore less than for punishing youths. The success attendant upon many of the Agricultural Industrial Schools established under the authority of the Poor-Law Commissioners, proves that land so occupied and cultivated can be made to produce a nett profit beyond cost. Of this fact the Bridgenorth Union School in Shropshire affords a remarkable example, that under able supervision, the labour of children may be made most profitable. The accounts of one year—that of 1846—were such as left a clear balance of above £70, after every expense attendant on the farm, including the rent and taxes paid for the ground, had been defrayed. It appears from this that the actual profit of such an establishment may be calculated at the rate of about £15 per acre, or at about £3 per head on the boys above ten years of age employed in its cultivation. True that this establishment is under the control and inspection of one of the ablest agriculturists of the day; but there is scarcely now a county in England that could not produce a nucleus of scientific agriculturists, willing and able to form working committees to the Penal School of their districts. Further, an establishment of this nature, consisting, we will say, of 1000 to 1500 children, of relative proportions of sex, would be so subdivided into *homes* under distinct management, as is the case at Mettray, and with a certain allotment of land, as to afford all the benefits found to arise from the cultivation of small farms; whilst the aggregate produce of the whole, the rotation of crops, the draining, the levelling—in a word, all the higher scientific operations, as well as the breeding and amount of stock—being under the control of the Directory Board, there would be added to these lesser ones all the great general benefits found to arise from farming on a large scale. In fact such establishments might be made the great practical agricultural schools of the districts. To such places improved agricultural machinery might be sent for trial, and the amount of labour at command would permit of a garden-like culture highly desirable, whence the methods pursued are advanced experimental ones, and where it is desirable to test the full capabilities of the soil, and bring into practice Liebig's magnificent axiom, '*Cultivation is the economy of force.*'

In combination with agriculture, as the chief occupation of the inmates of such establishments, especially in reference to physical training, other trades would be followed. Tailoring, carpentering, shoemaking, blacksmiths' and painters' work, in their points of necessary

usefulness, would all give a variety and stimulus to industry, and materially carry forward the higher points of mental education. This education, based on sound moral and religious principles, enlarged and fitted not to the social condition, the foregone crime, the actual destitution, but to the elements that constitute the individual, would go much towards producing excellence out of criminality, correcting social divergences, and bringing them within the province of that order so necessary to the wellbeing of communities, and converting what was obnoxious, costly, and destructive to the state, into the main principle of its order, its strength, its progress.

Properly conducted, there can be little doubt that the reformatory schools we have been speaking of would furnish forth the healthful materials of a useful species of emigration. And this brings us to say that no nation, government, or people, have any right whatsoever, morally considered, to transport the criminal to other countries—to flood other lands with evils it has found obnoxious in its own—until it has first applied the corrective process to the best and fullest of its ability, and done all within its provisional power to mitigate those evils bred and brought into action through the force of its own social mistakes. The point is, we think, fully proved by less than half the evils which have arisen out of the whole course of our transportation system. It has wholly failed on every point except one—that of making crime still more monstrous, and in brutifying human nature to the fullest possible degree. This great fact is fully proved by the whole mass of our parliamentary evidence on this subject. Now, if, therefore, this be admitted, the matter stands thus: punishment must be a fully corrective process; this process can only be efficiently carried out under the immediate control of a home government; and that such corrective ends involve a higher one—namely, that of carrying out future colonisation under the best social condition we have the power to command. Therefore as regards juvenile offenders, a system of Penal Schools, or national asylums, is a necessity, if we are to carry out any advanced process with respect to their condition. In a word, by gymnasia of this humble but important class, we might bring into use much mental and physical energy, now going to waste than waste, greatly to the benefit of the mother country, the colonies, and the unfortunate individuals who have a claim on public feeling.

THE BENGALÉE DOCTOR.

[The following sketch has been handed to us by a correspondent.]

Nor long since, an article appeared in your Journal styled the 'Old Baboo'; and truly it seemed to me (an Anglo-Indian) an interesting and well-drawn sketch. Some of the Bengalee Baboos, such as Rammohun-Roy, and Dwarkanauth-Tagore, of late years have played a conspicuous part in the society of India, as well as in the mercantile world; it was therefore but a mark of justice to the Bengalee Baboo to preserve his memory from oblivion. In the present day, in which the march of intellect is changing all things, the Hindoo character by education, intercourse with Europeans, &c. &c. is undergoing a complete metamorphosis; and a Bengalee Baboo of the true old school will no doubt, before long, become quite extinct; and so I think it may chance to be with the Bengalee Doctor, a worthy whose memory I would wish to enshrine also in the pages of your Journal, if you should deem him worthy of a corner.

First, then, let me speak in general terms. A Bengalee doctor is not a creature like our medical men—highly educated, nurtured in colleges and dissecting-rooms, and sent into the world to heal his fellow-men. A Bengalee doctor enjoys few of these advantages. Some can read and write, and have a considerable degree of intelligence and suavity of manner; but hardly one has anything like a learned education,

All have a knowledge of drugs and simples, such as have been in use amongst the fraternity for ages; but none have the least knowledge of anatomy, or know the structure or use of one of the viscera.

Let this, however, not induce any one to despise my Bengalee doctor, and set him down as a complete ignoramus. Some of these men will perform cures which startle Europeans of the greatest skill; and some of them possess nostrums, or quack medicines, as the erudite call them, which no inducement will make them divulge, and with which they cure cancers, spleen, tertian agues, &c. &c. to the surprise of our more learned countrymen. Such knowledge and such secrets generally descend from father to son. The manuscripts of the sire are intrusted to the young aspirant as soon as he becomes a votary of Esculapius; he compounds his old father's medicines, and buys his drugs at the *pussaree's*, and accompanies him in his rounds; and so progresses in his sire's knowledge and practice.

This is one class of *coberazes* or doctors. Some, again, are entirely amateurs or self-taught geniuses. I have seen practitioners amongst gardeners, weavers, and shoemakers; and the latter of these frequently set themselves up as exorcists or devil expellers, and are such men as we read of in Scripture. They exhort the Evil One not only by mystic words, but chastise him with blows, which are generally inflicted with an old shoe on the devoted head of the possessed patient. The evil spirit is finally driven to an old tree or an old ruin; and the Hindoo wayfarer, in the shades of night, has an utter abhorrence of such known places, firmly believing that devils can be cast out, and that the power of performing such miracles still exists amongst their nation.

The Bengalee doctor is contented with a small remuneration. As he has neither wasted much gold, nor lost much of his precious time in study, he values his labours in his profession accordingly. Three or four rupees are reckoned a handsome fee in a serious case: eight annas (a shilling of our money), or even half of that, may be given without affronting the medicus in trifling diseases; and so poor or penurious is the Bengalee, that he frequently makes a preliminary bargain with the doctor, that a failure or death is to be followed by a loss of his fee, or a forfeiture of half the sum.

Now fancy the *coberaz* entering a sick-room, leaving his slippers outside: he makes his obeisance, or sometimes none, according to the rank of the family, and then seats himself at the head of the patient. He asks few questions, and is supposed to know almost everything by feeling the pulse. The tongue, that great oracle of our scientific men, is never consulted; the Bengalee will inquire if you have a headache, or if you are thirsty; but if he were to say, 'Put out your tongue,' he might be taken for a madman. Bleeding, cupping, and blistering are understood; but for the latter purpose vegetable substances are used; and I have seen even *gools*, a sort of artificial fireball, placed on the seat of disease, to bring on a flow of humour; but this is reckoned a violent and painful process.

The operation of cupping is performed by barbers, or *badenies*—the latter being a low caste of people, something like the gipsies. A doctor may recommend cupping, but his caste prohibits him from sucking the cow's horn to draw blood. Leeches abound in the marshes of Hindoostan, and a plentiful supply is always kept of them by the above-mentioned *badenies*, as well as by midwives, who always belong to some of the lowest castes among the Hindoos.

As cutaneous diseases are common, and productive of great annoyance in the hot and moist climate of Bengal, so the Bengalee doctor is most dexterous in curing ringworms, and the most repulsive-looking eruptions. In such cases they use alteratives, of which *sarsaparilla* is well known, along with their poisonous external applications, otherwise their red precipitate and borax, &c. might be very injurious. In every Indian town a druggist or *pussaree* may be found; and a scientific eye

may fall in there with many a European drug, by the side of his Bengalee medicines, seeds, and poisons, having the most jawbreaking names. Here the *coberaz* or doctor comes and selects and buys, not unfrequently having recourse also to the garden or jungle, or to the shrine of the gods, for the tulsic, or the sacred burrut or banian, for its thin, fibrous, pendent roots, highly astringent, and on that account sought for by our medicus. I have seen the thorn, thistle, and even cacti used with success—the gelatinous pulp of one of these latter species being known to the Bengalees as cooling and astringent at the same time.

There exists another class of doctors in India; but these, strictly speaking, cannot be called Bengalee doctors. These men are with the sepoy regiments, under the guidance and tuition of the regimental surgeon. They are either Mohammedans, or Hindoos of the lowest classes, and some of them acquire considerable skill and experience in the course of their subordinate professional course. But not one case has fallen under my notice of one of these men, on retiring from the Company's service, having set up for himself, with his store of English knowledge and practice. I must not forget to mention, that amongst the Bengalee doctors great faith is attached to charms. When everything fails, one of these self-taught geniuses will perchance recommend for an ague to get a certain number of yards of cotton thread, spun by the chaste hands of a spinster; and to speak in Mrs Glass's way, he will say, 'Take your thread in hand, and when you reach a peepul-tree, then walk backwards, and wind the flimsy thread, without breaking, three times round the stem or branches. Neither gaze to the right nor left; but there leave your offering, and go your way, and no doubt your faith will cure you.' The peepul-tree is in one respect like the aspen: its leaves are affected by the slightest wind, and, like the aspens, are constantly in motion. Another *hakeem* may recommend the fever-smitten to get a plateful of *rotees*, or scones, and *halcah* (a sweetmeat), and some other savoury things, and these must be gazed at by the patient, and excite his longing; and alongside of the eatables must be a lamb or kid, on whose head the sick man places his hand; and after some prayers, the eatables and animal are carried out to the jungles or country, and set down by some interested relative, and there the viands and scapegoat are left, and both doctor and patient look with confidence for a miraculous cure. This is a Mohammedan recipe. It is not an uncommon sight to see a plateful of rice, and cowries, or pice, and curds and red rags, placed at early dawn by some old Hindoo wife where three roads meet, at the recommendation of the *coberaz*; and wo to him who first touches or steps over these deadly charms! But I have done generalising, and now come to an individual sketch.

My hero is Sumboo Mistree or *Coberaz*. To him I owe a debt of gratitude; but for him, I could not have smiled with a set of pearly teeth in the days of conquest and romance; nor could I, descending to more homely and matronly days, and matter-of-fact and substantial things, have eaten a beef-steak or a roll at the present moment, if it had not been for this same Sumboo, whose invaluable tooth-powder I use to this time, in preference to Ruspini's dentifrice, and all other beautifully sealed and scented powders for ladies' toilets in little white boxes.

Sumboo, then, as known by me in days gone by, was an active, slender personage, with a round visage, fair complexion for a Hindoo, and clear brown eye. His height five feet eight inches, possessing a fine regular set of teeth, and a thick, trim moustache on his upper lip; for Bengalees let their beards grow on their chin only in the days of mourning, when the razor is not used for forty days. If on a visit to a superior, Sumboo was to be seen with the very beau-ideal of turbans on his well-shaped though small head; the muslin as white as snow, and every fold and plait laid on by a scientific turban-dresser. His *zama*, a very full dress, made of

mubmul also, hanging in folds about him, like a fashionable lady's dress in the present day; and well might Sumboo be styled a man in petticoats. Sumboo always wore a yellow plain slipper; and with true Bengalee feelings of respect, entered barefoot into a superior's house. My favourite's good-humour was imperturbable, and a smile was always on his face to cheer the sick man. A white scarf generally ornamented Sumboo's shoulders, and over this a shawl was thrown in winter. A bright tin-box, containing pills and medicines, was generally in Sumboo's hands, although a black cloth bag, like an instrument-holder of our surgeons, occasionally was patronised instead, and placed, rolled up, under his arm. My Esculapius was conversable with those for whose abilities he had respect; he talked with impartiality of his own practice in comparison with that of the 'sahiblog's,' and highly valued any European recipes if they were given him. He was far from niggardly with his own knowledge; and to my own father, whom he respected and knew well, I have heard him as frankly and candidly speak of the compounds of his salves or pills as any well-informed physician of our own nation would do. To his own compatriots he was of course all mystery, well knowing that ignorance delights in marvels.

Sumboo was not a rich man, so his house and furniture were humble. He always went on foot; and after his professional visits were over, he would be seen going to the river in a coarse *dhooty* to perform his ablutions and his devotions. Of his domestic connections I know nothing; but I think that, like most poor Hindoos, he had but one wife. The only extravagance Sumboo was guilty of—if extravagance it may be called, where religious feelings and prejudices were concerned—was, that he had once a year, in the month of October, the image of Cartic, or the god of war, made in his house; and this was styled giving a Cartic Poozha. Why he made that dapper, peacock-mounted divinity his household god, who can tell? Perhaps he merely lived and acted as his fathers had lived and acted before him: so a beautifully gilt and varnished god was made at his expense; and Brahmins and musicians were hired, first to honour, and then to drown Cartic after the days of ceremony and worship were over.

This is all I know and can divulge of the individual and his tribe. Whether he be still in the land of the living, crowned with gray hairs and a happy conscience, or whether Gunga has washed over his ashes, and obliterated the spot of his obsequies, Heaven only can tell, for it is thirty long years since I saw Sumboo.

CARLISLE BAKERS.

A few weeks ago we presented, from a published report of Dr Guy, an account of the deplorable condition of the London operative bakers. Dr Guy's paper has, it appears, suggested to Dr Henry Lonsdale the propriety of inquiring into the state of health and morals of a large body of individuals employed in the baking establishment of J. D. Carr and Co., Carlisle. The inquiry was entered on with a view to ascertain whether there was anything in the baking trade necessarily tending to bad health and demoralisation; and the result is such as may be anticipated: in a well-conducted establishment, with reasonable hours of labour, there is nothing in the baking, any more than in any other trade, to lower the standard of health or deteriorate the habits. Dr Lonsdale having furnished a paper on the subject to the Journal of Public Health, we are enabled to offer an abridged statement of his observations; and these will be perused with not the less interest, that we gave an account of Messrs Carr's great baking concern some years ago in these pages.

Being introduced into the large packing-room of the establishment—a room ninety-nine feet by twenty-four, and having thirteen large windows—I found nearly seventy well-dressed working men and boys assembled under the presidency of one of their number—a jour-

neyman baker, who was supported right and left by the Brothers Carr. Another baker was acting as secretary to the meeting, the object of which was, *inter alia*, to elicit opinions as to the mode in which the workmen had enjoyed their late excursion to Edinburgh, and at the same time to consider the pleasure trip for 1849. The fact of employers and employed occupying the same benches will appear sufficiently startling when contrasted with the degraded position of the bakers in London; and perhaps more so, when it is added that the workpeople at this meeting expressed their sentiments in a free and intelligent manner, void of restraint, and equally void of arrogance. The number of people engaged in the Messrs Carr's works varies from ninety to a hundred.

Of thirty-one engaged in baking, seven were apprentices, between sixteen and twenty years of age, from six months to seven years in the trade; the twenty-four others were journeymen, twenty-one of whom were between twenty and thirty years of age; the ages of the remaining three were respectively forty-four, fifty-three, and sixty years. The journeymen had been from seven to twelve years in the trade. Being struck with the comparative youth of the great majority of the parties, Messrs Carr explained that "older hands," generally brought from Scotland, were found so intractable, owing to their drinking habits and non-compliance with the rules and orderly conduct which it was sought to establish on the premises, that they were obliged to give a preference to younger and steadier men. Six of the apprentices were very healthy; the seventh, his father said, was a delicate boy from infancy, and was then complaining of dorsal weakness; he had not been more than seven months at the trade. Of the twenty-four journeymen, only one was ill, and he (a delicate person from birth) laboured under cold and slight cough; the remainder were in the enjoyment of robust health. On more minute inquiries as to their past health, I found that seventeen had never ailed anything since they joined the baking: one had been four days ill during the five years that he had been engaged in the establishment: one had had diarrhoea twice a year, and attributed much of his present good health to teetotalism: one had suffered from erysipelas in the leg, caused by heavy work in a former situation: a third had had the rheumatic fever: another had the intermittent fever when working at Leith: one was liable to sore throat. A ready explanation was offered of the erysipelas and intermittent fever by the parties themselves, who had been exposed to heavy work, long hours, and confined rooms. They were most healthy in their present situation. The rheumatic fever was the only severe case of disease, as far as I could learn, that had occurred in the establishment since its formation twelve years ago. One of the workmen, an elderly person, whose memory and manner lacked nothing of youthful energy, could safely vouch, for six years of his experience, that there were "no important diseases amongst the men," by which I understood that the ailments had been most trifling. Personal observation assured me of the healthy appearance of the workmen. I questioned them, however, closely as to their liability to erysipelas and other skin diseases, spitting of blood, affections of the lungs, rheumatism, and fever; and I was gratified to learn their remarkable immunity, with the exception of the rheumatic case already alluded to. Mr J. D. Carr informed me (and he was confirmed by other speakers at this meeting) that he could not remember any particular disease occurring during the twelve years; that there had been no death among the bakers; and the only one which had occurred during that time was a carter of advanced age.

The extremely good health manifested by the bakers, as given above, may be said to pervade the whole establishment. I examined twenty-eight boys, whose ages varied from twelve to fifteen years. Eighteen of these are engaged in the lighter duties of biscuit-making—sixteen of whom looked extremely well, and

had ruddy complexions; two were rather pale-faced, but professedly healthy and vigorous. The ten others, engaged in the packing department, were unexceptionably healthy—a remark which applies to the whole number since they joined the trade.

'I had an opportunity of seeing three millers, three packing-men, five joiners and carpenters, eight shopmen, and two carters, men of middle age principally, and all in excellent health, and some apparently amused at any questions being put relative to that which their countenances bespoke was so fully enjoyed by them.

'In the course of the evening I elicited from four or five of this intelligent body of workmen several important statements confirmatory of those recorded by Dr Guy, relative to the highly objectionable condition of the London bakers. An almost similar state of things exists in Edinburgh, or at least did a short time ago. The lads are sent too early to the trade, and work from three in the morning till six or seven in the evening, in underground rooms of extremely small dimensions, and dreadfully overheated; carry enormous weights on the head; and when they retire to rest, it is not to homes of comfort, as their sleeping-berths are too often recesses in the wall, little better than large cupboards.

'To what circumstances do the workmen of Messrs Carr owe their good health and past immunity from disease, as compared with their own class in metropolitan towns, or those of other classes of artisans, generally considered more favourably placed in point of health in the same city of Carlisle?

Dr Lonsdale solves this question by a reference to the airiness of the apartments, the arrangements for insuring cleanliness, the temperate habits of all concerned, and the comparatively short working hours. 'The daily operations commence at half-past five A.M., and close at six P.M., with forty-five minutes to breakfast, and an hour to dinner; so that the actual hours of labour are ten hours and forty-five minutes daily. On Saturdays they close at five P.M. The wages of the workmen vary from 23s. to 25s. to foremen; 18s. to 20s. for journeymen; and 8s. to 5s. to boys, with an allowance of biscuits daily. None are allowed to work overtime without being paid, and their remuneration for over-time exceeds the ordinary rate of wages. Such wages, properly laid out in a provincial town, enable the men to rent comfortable dwellings, or lodgings with good sleeping apartments, to live on wholesome food, and dress themselves respectably as artisans. That they obtain these comforts I am fully satisfied from inquiry made. Being teetotallers, they spend no money in public-houses.'

A library, evening and Sunday school, and a reading-room, are the engines of moral advancement. 'The hours of recreation are spent partly in reading and partly in out-door exercise. The fact of the workmen living almost around the door of the mill, adds materially to their resting at the time of meals. In the winter, the reading-room is well attended, and the demand for books materially increased. A foremen's meeting is held weekly, at which one of the firm attends, and every encouragement is given to the men to mention anything which appears to them calculated to improve their own condition or that of the establishment. The kind urbanity of the masters has kindled a kindred spirit amongst the men. The workmen assist each other in times of distress—a fund being temporarily established for the purpose. No instance has occurred of parties engaged in the establishment soliciting parochial relief. Such a fact requires no comment.

'In lieu of races and other dissipating amusements, which fleet by, and leave no pleasant remembrances, the Messrs Carr entertain their workpeople to a day's excursion from Carlisle during the summer months; and a joyous day it is to all to visit interesting localities. To the Messrs Carr a trip of this kind may probably cost £40; but I verily believe that they reap good interest for this and other benefactions by an increased

industry, and more careful regard for their interests, on the part of their workmen.

'When I re-peruse Dr Guy's account of the London bakers, and recall my own brief experience of the same class in Edinburgh, and then turn to Messrs Carr's establishment, how striking the contrast! Here are workshops, wages, and hours of work, which tend to bodily comfort and healthy vigour; here are schools of instruction, reading-rooms, and library, to develop the moral and intellectual man; here the employers show the example of temperance, urbanity, and order—all which are calculated to promote self-improvement and self-respect, and to make their workpeople good and respectable citizens. I have endeavoured to show that they are a healthy body of men—probably more so than any other class in Carlisle—and from what I can learn, they have the character of being steady, obliging, and intelligent.

'It is evident, from Dr Guy's paper, that in London the men work double hours, and that masters literally rob their workmen of health and life; but as far as I can learn, this "double-time" system has not yielded a corresponding amount of wealth to the employer. Such a system cannot be expected to thrive. Man's labour, to be valuable, demands a due supply of good food and a proportionate amount of rest. Masters ought to be made aware, if they are not already, that work pursued for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four must be attended with many imperfections—much hard fighting against time; much carelessness and indifference, and great waste of material. I say nothing of the filthy habits and depraved feelings which such a system of slavery engenders; nor would it be politic to attempt an analysis of the principles of guiding men who, seeing themselves lowered physically and morally in the scale of artisanship, and daily pillaged of seven or eight hours' work by unscrupulous masters, may possibly be inclined to forget the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, and seek, at their masters' cost, some equivalent for their unrequited services.'

In conclusion, Dr Lonsdale remonstrates with the practice of requiring hot rolls for breakfast, which is in reality the main cause of the oppression to which the London bakers are subjected. We do not absolutely despair of seeing master bakers emulating the Carrs as respects various arrangements; but it must be borne in mind that in the establishment just described *no rolls are baked*: it is only a bread-and-biscuit factory. In usual circumstances, master bakers, even with the best intentions, cannot follow the example given them at Carlisle. They are compelled, by a matter of public taste, to work their men an unreasonable length of time daily. On the public, therefore, be the blame, until the hot roll is utterly banished from the breakfast table. We agree with Dr Lonsdale in thinking that the duty of disuading this unwholesome species of bread 'merits the attention of those who occasionally lend a helping hand to ameliorate the condition of the humbler classes.'

ALUM WORKS.

THE manufacture of alum, which consists in the refining of a rough mineral substance, was begun in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by Sir Thomas Chaloner, who established works for the purpose near Whitby. At this place the manufacture is still carried on, as may be observed by persons voyaging along the coast of Yorkshire. Whitby is situated on beds of aluminous schist, which extend over a district thirty miles in length, and terminate on the coast in cliffs rising in some places to a height of 750 feet. This schist, commonly known as alum slate, is partly bituminous, and contains scattered particles of iron pyrites. It is of a bluish-gray colour, resembling hardened clay in appearance, and decomposes, coming off in flakes or layers on exposure to the atmosphere: the most valuable lies near the surface. Among this schist there are large portions which, when laid in a heap, and sprinkled

with sea-water, take fire spontaneously, and burn until all the combustible material is exhausted. Some of the schists combine all the elements of alum, from which the refuse has simply to be separated; others contain clay and sulphur only, and after being converted into sulphate of alumina, require the addition of an alkali to form alum. The schists which are too hard to decompose naturally, are reduced to the proper state by the aid of fire. In whatever way the process may be carried on, the result ought to be the same; the combination in certain definite proportions of sulphuric acid, alumina, and water—the constituents of alum.

At Whitby, after the aluminous material is excavated, it is removed to the calcining ground in barrows, or by trucks running on tramways. Here a quantity of fagots and dry furze is disposed so as to form a bed about two feet thick, and four or five yards square: on this the schist, or 'mine,' as it is technically called, is piled to the height of four feet, when the underlying wood is set on fire. After this, more and more of the fagots and mine is added, until a heap 100 feet high and 200 in length and width is formed, containing 100,000 cubic yards. One hundred and thirty tons of the calcined material are required to produce one ton of alum. To prevent as much as possible the waste of sulphuric acid from so enormous an ignited mass, the crevices are stopped with small fragments of the refuse clay moistened. This at the same time excludes the air, binds the heap together, and keeps it from falling in. The calcination of a large mass at once, as is the practice at Whitby, is said to cause a prodigious loss of sulphuric acid. At the alum works near Glasgow, the more economical method of low heaps widely spread is adopted.

During the process of calcination the heap diminishes to one-half its original size, and becomes at last porous and open to the air throughout: its decomposition is facilitated by an occasional sprinkling with water. It is usual to have a number of heaps burning in succession, in order that every part of the works may go on uninterruptedly throughout the year. When a heap has become quite cold, it is ready for lixiviation: the calcined lumps are thrown into pits and macerated in water from eight to ten hours; the water becomes impregnated with sulphate of alumine; and under the name of 'alum liquor,' is drawn off into cisterns placed at a lower level, upon a fresh supply of roasted mine, until it acquires a certain specific gravity. More water is poured over the lumps left behind in the pits, and the whole of the material is washed and soaked again and again until the whole of the alum is extracted. To facilitate this operation, the cisterns are generally constructed on the side of a hill, and the better these are arranged, the more economically can the manufacture be conducted.

The different liquors obtained from the maceration are classed as strong, seconds, and thirds. To facilitate the subsidence of the sulphate of lime and iron, and the earth held in suspension, the solution is sometimes boiled; a process by which the sulphuric acid is made to combine the more readily with its affinities. When, to avoid expense, this preliminary boiling is omitted, the alum produced will be impure, and of inferior quality. After cooling, the liquor is transferred to lead pans, in which it is kept boiling for twenty-four hours; the loss in evaporation being supplied by pumping in additional quantities of 'mother water,' until the required degree of concentration is attained. About four hundredweight of alum is said to be the daily quantity obtained from each pan. The liquor in the pans is run off every morning into the 'settler,' where the alkali, sometimes a lye made from kelp, is added. Twenty-two tons of muriate of potash go to the formation of one hundred tons of alum. From the settler the liquor passes into coolers to crystallise; the crystals, after standing four days, are washed and drained, and, as described by Dr Ure, 'the washed alum is put into a lead pan, with just enough of water to dissolve it at a boiling heat; fire is applied, and the solution is promoted by stirring.

Whenever it is dissolved in a saturated state, it is run off into the crystallising vessels, which are called *rocking casks*. These casks are about five feet high, three feet wide in the middle, and somewhat narrower at the ends; they are made of very strong staves, nicely fitted to each other, and held together by strong iron hoops, which are driven on *pro tempore*, so that they may be easily knocked off again, in order to take the staves asunder. The concentrated solution during its slow cooling in these close vessels forms large regular crystals, which hang down from the top, and project from the sides, while a thick layer or cake lines the whole interior of the cask. At the end of eight or ten days, more or less, according to the weather, the hoops and staves are removed, when a cask of apparently solid alum is exposed to view. The workman now pierces this mass with a pickaxe at the side near the bottom, and allows the mother water of the interior to run off on the sloping stone floor into a proper cistern, whence it is taken and added to another quantity of washed powder, to be crystallised with it. The alum is next broken into lumps, exposed in a proper place to dry, and is then put into the finished bing for the market.'

Alum crystallises in octahedrons—a form which may be represented by two four-sided pyramids joined base to base. Besides the manufactories already enumerated, there are others in Belgium, Bohemia, Sweden, and France. In various parts of the world, it is sometimes found existing naturally in a pure state, on stones or in certain mineral waters. It is met with near Naples, where the argillaceous soil is abundantly penetrated by sulphuric acid; and in Yorkshire there are alum springs. The most famous chemists have from time to time directed their attention to the analysis of alum, with the view of effecting improvements in its manufacture; the general production has not only been benefited by these analyses, but the facility of adulteration diminished. The best alum is said to be made in Italy; that manufactured in France and England is not unfrequently impregnated with sulphate of iron. Among the improvements to be effected in the process, a means of preventing the present waste of sulphuric acid is greatly to be desired.

The uses of alum are manifold and important: incorporated with paper, it presents a hard, smooth surface, fit for writing upon; furriers employ it in the preservation of the hairy covering of skins; it retards putrefaction in animal substances; and hardens the tallow used for candles. Its astringent properties are valuable in medicine, and its caustic properties, as calcined alum, in surgery. But it is in dyeing that the use of alum is most important and most widely diffused. It is rare that colouring matters present any affinity for the substances to be dyed; most of them would disappear with the first washing, were there no medium by which they could be fixed. The substance employed for this purpose is called a *mordant* or *biter-in*; and in this respect alum holds a pre-eminent rank. This mineral is also made subservient to other less praiseworthy purposes: bakers use it to give a good colour to bad flour, and to swell a comparatively small lump of dough into a large loaf; iced ginger-beer and lemonade offered for sale at railway stations and other places, if narrowly inspected, will be found imbedded in lumps of alum, which pass very well for ice.

PEAT MOSSES.

A scheme has been lately projected in London for the improvement of Ireland, which is thus graphically described by the correspondent of the 'Inverness Courier':—'It is briefly this—to convert all the peat bogs into charcoal! A society is in course of being organised for the above laudable purpose. A first meeting of its projectors and promoters was held here the other day, presided over by Lord de Mauley. A Mr Rogers, said to be an eminent civil-engineer, expounded the nature and advantages of the project. There are in Ireland about three million acres of peat bog. Being situated at various elevations above

the sea-level, they are all capable of being easily and effectually drained. By a process lately discovered and patented, the peat-fuel may be condensed and hardened, and rendered as dense, and consequently as portable, as pit coals. All the aqueous matter, amounting to forty per cent. (whether of bulk or weight, is not stated), can be squeezed out. In this state it is far superior to coals as a fuel for producing steam, because of the diffusive and radiating properties of the heat it gives out. A boiler in a steam-ship or railway engine would last double the time when ministered to by the beneficent fires of peat instead of the deleterious ones of coal. There would be little or no smoke. Then one at least of the two great evils of life would be avoided—"a smoky house, and a scolding wife." But this is not all—very far from it: the peats could be converted into charcoal, of a much superior quality than the charcoal of wood, and at about a third of the cost. Then this charcoal would be of inestimable value in agricultural, manufacturing, sanitary, or domestic points of view. As a fertiliser of the soil, it would supersede guano, bone manure, lime, and farmyard dung. In manufactures it would smelt iron, and other metals and minerals, in the most effective and economical manner—rendering them all of three times their present value. As a disinfecting and deodorising agent, it would put a stop to all contagious and infectious diseases. It would sweep away all unpleasant odours, as its action is both instantaneous and continuous. In the kitchen or parlour fire the diffusive properties of the heat will be highly appreciated, and the absence of smoke will withdraw from the guidwife all pretexts for being out of temper. I wonder, however, that its usefulness in the manufacture of gunpowder was not mentioned. Then, when the bogs are cleared away, the land on which they stand, the stances, are quite in a condition to be excellent arable land, and to be particularly fitted for the growth of flax. Then this ground is to be lotted out in small patches to industrious tenants, and the whole land is to teem with plenty and gladness, as in the happy but fabulous vales of Cashmere. To effect this grand purpose, a company has been formed or projected—capital £500,000, in £10 shares. Annual profits £160,000—half to the fortunate shareholders, and the other half to the industrious cotters, for the cultivation of their allotments. A million of money to be paid annually in labour; everybody to be employed by task-work, and paid weekly for his labour. Such is one of the Utopian views exhibited in the ever-varying phantasmagoria of Irish history and speculation. If all this peat and charcoal speculation can do so much for Ireland, what may it not also do for Scotland? Quite right to ask this question. Scotsmen, look to your bogs; and do not allow these sources of wealth to lie any longer neglected.

BESSY AND HER DOG.

BY MARY BENNETT.

BESSY was always wandering;
Whilst to her pretty self she'd sing
Many a rhyme—Heaven knows who taught her—
Hour by hour, where no one sought her.
Sometimes on the skirts of a lane,
Bareheaded in a rapid rain;
Sometimes lagging down the hill,
A nutshell at the brook to fill;
Or a-bed on mossy steep,
Lulling herself and doll to sleep;
Now in the wood, now in the meadow,
In the light, and in the shadow.

No one thought, no one cared,
How the little Bessy fared.
Was she hungry, was she fed,
Was she alive, or was she dead:
'Twas no matter; her grief or gloe
Moved not a heart that I could see.

And yet, before her friends were dead,
A cotter in the hamlet said
(In answer to a mother's prayer)
He'd guard the orphan child with care.
But when the mother lay in dust,
The cotter broke his holy trust:
And like a little gipsy wild
Roamed the poor ragged orphan child.

A friendless dog, a famished hound,
Bessy had in the hamlet found;
And fed it daily as she could
With scraps from her own wretched food.
The dog was of a noble kind;
It had a fond and grateful mind:
Happy, he rested at her feet,
Listening to her prattlings sweet,
Her voice of freshest native song;
Or roamed with her the mead along,
Or gambolled round, or rushed away,
Scattering the timid sheep in play;
Or tore between his teeth the clover,
Until some bee assailed the rover;
Or climbed the hill to view the down,
Bark o'er it, and then scamper down:
All tricks of fun, that pleased the child,
And many a lonely hour beguiled.
And well she loved the friendless hound,
And oft would clasp his neck around;
And pillow her head on his shaggy ears,
In mirth, in sleep, in laughter, in tears.

There came a glorious summer day,
And the child and dog roamed far away;
They came to a stream more deep than wide,
Transparent as glass thrice purified.
How Bessy stretched her round blue eyes!
Verily here was a blithe surprise!
Forget-me-nots had starred the stream
With beauty, like an angel's dream:
She looked in their eyes, these blue star flowers,
And they in hers, oh holy powers!
How the young spirit sprang to life,
With its own feebleness at strife.
New fancies kindled, and new love,
As she looked below, and looked above,
To the heaven above, and the heaven below,
Underneath the water's flow.

A verdurous bank, bent green and steep,
The matchless stream to guard and keep;
Sentinel weeds of stately form
Kept watch and ward in calm and storm;
A purple beech-tree overhung;
Wild tresses of the willow swung
Heavy on every passing wind;
And oak and elm met close behind.

Among the weeds the child crept down—
Hardly knew she the waters could drown—
And wading in, how pleasant was
The soft cool stream, and merry buzz
Of the water-flies and honey-bees,
And wasps and hornets under the trees!
She could live for ever with that fair water,
As it were her mother, and she its daughter.

No harm feared she, the happy child!
Singing her simple ditties wild;
And prattling gaily, as she bound
With the long grass her posy round;
Till bending down where clustering grew
Forget-me-nots of fairer blue
Than any elsewhere in her view.
Angel of Death! they were thine own:
She slipped upon a treacherous stone,
And sank deep in the lovely stream,
Under the evening's golden gleam.

The mournful midnight fast drew near,
Weeping for Bessy tear on tear—
For, cold as the Norland winter snow,
She lies among the rocks below.
Hark! the howl of her dog is heard,
Startling many a sleeping bird:
The moon grows old, the dog still lies
'Midst the forget-me-nots—and dies.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also
sold by D. CHAMBERS, 90 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR,
147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 31 D'Olier Street,
Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.